

Trigga

Tony Yayo

You ever wake up and wanna slit your wrists
Your daughter start acting like that awful bitch
I got the ak-47 tatted on my stomach
If that nigga ratted put 3 in his stomach
In my hood niggas kill for practice
Trap star mutilated money in the mattress 'cause, 'cause

Ain't no love the trigga ain't got names
Haze and hennessy wash up all the pain
Homocide wash up all the blood stains
Dead nigga washed up in a new range
I wake up to the new york post
At her sweet 16 a girl shot in her throat
My homie bitten, he a menatnce man from the island
Sins forbidden but the nigga keep wyling
So much weed I wonder who seed is
So much hoes I'm acting conceited